

The Monthly Musical Record.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1875.

JOACHIM RAFF'S SYMPHONY, "LENORE"

(NO. 5, IN E MAJOR, OP. 177).

Leipzig: ROBERT SEITZ.

BY C. A. BARRY, M.A.

(Concluded.)

PART II.—PARTING.

THE third movement—*marsch-tempo*—which takes the form of a military march of a remarkably spirited character, and graphically represents Wilhelm's departure with the troops for the war, commences with the following tuneful theme:—

No. 13.

To this succeeds a second strain, beginning in A minor and ending in E minor:—

No. 14.

Both are repeated with fuller instrumentation than before, and the first, with an extended cadence, concludes the first section of the march. The leading subject of the "trio," of which there are two presentations, differently scored, is thus given out, after two introductory bars by the first violins and horns:—

No. 15.

A repetition of the first section, more fully developed and scored for the full orchestra, now follows. To this

succeeds an intermezzo, in C minor, of a passionate and agitated character. It takes, for the most part, the form of a dialogue between the first violins and cellos, and, though full of a foreboding of evil, may perhaps be fairly regarded as representative of Wilhelm's and Lenore's last sad farewell in this life. Its general character will be made clear by the two following quotations:—

No. 16.

Agitato.

No. 17.

March and trio return in full force, and the whole ends with a coda, which seems to depict the departure of the troops, as their martial music dies away in the distance.

PART III.—REUNION IN DEATH.

Introduction and Ballad (after G. Bürger's "Lenore").

The early part of this concluding movement, which for appearance sake bears the signature of E minor, but has little in common with that key, forms a striking contrast, as a mournful picture of Lenore's anxiety for her absent lover, to all that has gone before it. In conjunction with new matter, it abounds in reminiscences of phrases with which we have been made familiar, and which are now metamorphosed and invested with a feeling of the deepest anguish and distress. The first that meets the eye, with which compare quotation No. 4, is—

No. 18.

Here is one which has already been heard in the coda of the march:—

No. 19.

Vln. 1.

And here is another of a still more poignant character:—

No. 20.



The ballad itself now seemingly begins with Lenore's vain search for her lover among the returning troops :—

No. 21.



Perhaps this may be accepted as indicative of her anguish at his absence and of the curse she utters :—

No. 22.



And this and the following quotation as representing her mother's prayerful remonstrance :—

No. 23.



No. 24.



Though we should not suppose that it was Herr Raff's

aim to reproduce in music the whole of Bürger's ballad in detail, but rather to impress his hearers in a general manner with its horrors in a more thrilling way than words alone can do, still there are certain passages the intention of which cannot be mistaken. The following can be nothing else but the approaching tramp of the spectre horse :—

No. 25.



Anon the horrible midnight ride commences in real earnest, as is indicated by the bass figure which is persistently continued almost to the end, when the grave is reached. Of several melodies heard in conjunction with this, here is the first :—

No. 26.



Here is another, a remarkable metamorphosis of No. 4:—

No. 27.



Shakes, like the following, by the wind band against the "galloping motive" of the basses, are of frequent occurrence :—

No. 28.



Frequent use is made of the two following subjects, descriptive of some of the horrors of the ride, and differently scored on each occurrence:—

No. 29.



No. 30.



Another reminiscence from the earlier part of the work is the *cantabile* from the second movement (No. 11), which receives varied treatment. At first it is sustained by the horns and violas, and afterwards by the violins, but always accompanied by the figure which we have termed the "galloping motive." In a *stretto* the pace becomes more furious; a climax is reached, and the dreadful ride is at an end. A few soft chords in the lower register of the clarinets, accompanied by faint beats of the drums, usher in a broad chorale-like melody in E major. This is first given out by the strings, thus:—

No. 31.



It is then taken up by the softer portion of the wind band, accompanied by the strings *divisi* in triplets. A repetition of it, similarly but more fully scored, leads to a grand harmonious burst, but still *pianissimo*, from the full orchestra, in a manner which aptly illustrates the hymn of the spirits with which the poem closes.

MR. HULLAH'S THIRD REPORT ON MUSIC IN OUR TRAINING COLLEGES.

THE report for the year 1874, recently issued by Mr. John Hullah, the Government Inspector of Music, on the examination in music of the students of training colleges in Great Britain, will be found to contain much interesting matter, especially if it be read in connection with those of the two previous years, of both of which some account was given in the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD soon after their appearance.

There are now forty-six such training colleges in Great Britain, but as four of them have two departments, male and female, there are practically fifty colleges now under Government inspection. During the year 1874 Mr. Hullah was engaged for the best part of four months in examining the second-year students, to the number of 1,828, as against 1,636 in the previous year. The course and method of examination differed in no essential particular from those of the foregoing year. The students sang collectively some piece or pieces of choral music, under the direction of their teacher, but were not, as in 1872, the first year of their being placed under inspection, tested in singing *at sight*. Mr. Hullah's reasons for abandoning this test, after one year's trial, were given in detail in last year's report. Additional experience, he states, has led him to value less even than before collective musical skill, however exhibited, as evidence of individual proficiency, the danger of one student's singing helping another's too much having been made more than ever apparent. Paradoxical as it may sound, individual power, especially in reading, has repeatedly been found least satisfactory among students, the results of whose combined performances were the most agreeable. In most cases this could only be fairly attributed to the apathy, indolence, or timidity of such students; but in others their teachers have been to blame, in spending time that should have been devoted to the essentials of their subject on its accidents and adornments. Mr. Hullah urges that—

The work before the teachers of music in the training colleges (many of them are now thoroughly well aware of it) for some years to come, will be to insure for their pupils, before they part with them, that sympathy of eye and ear, the possession of which is the first condition of their being able to teach anything worth knowing to others, *i.e.*, to make them independent readers, not mere mouth-pieces of what has been put into them "by ear." To students honestly prepared for their consideration, the refinement or *nuances* of musical performance will commend themselves soon enough, and their attainment form a matter of little labour. One's attention, or more properly, premature attention to them, can answer no purpose but to encourage self-satisfaction among incompetent students, and win the applause of visitors ignorant of music, or not in a position to estimate at its true value the sham put before them. I shall hardly be suspected of a wish to discourage the correction of bad habits in the utterance of words and notes, but I protest against anything like an entire practice (I have known this done) being spent in the delivery of a single passage so softly as to be hardly audible; only perhaps approximately so delivered at last, through half those concerned in it being silenced entirely.

In spite of the existence of certain shortcomings, but which are neither observable in as many places nor to the same extent as in previous years, it is satisfactory to find the improvement in the training colleges, no less in the aims of teachers and students than in the results of them, reported as considerable. The cultivation of instrumental

music, more especially pianoforte and harmonium playing, extends year by year. And the study of harmony, which was restored to the training school curriculum two years since, has become exceedingly popular, both among teachers and students.

On the other hand, it is surprising no less than disheartening, to find the inspector again obliged to complain of the difficulties to which the musical instructors are in many instances still subjected, from insufficient accommodation, imperfect apparatus, and want of music. With regard to music, the best and the most improving for practice is now so inexpensive that, at a very small outlay, a college musical library can be formed which, with proper care, might serve for many generations of students. In some colleges this has been done, in others the inspector's repeated recommendations on the subject have been practically unnoticed. In regard to the choice of music, especially for more advanced students, Mr. Hullah repeats his former recommendations, that the slight and short part-songs still so much in use be put aside, and that practice be chiefly confined to the choral music of the great masters—Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and the like. At the same time he throws out a hint to composers by complaining that the existing stock of music, for either male or female voices *only*, is neither sufficient in quantity or good enough in quality. More available music for equal voices is required.

We regret to learn that in some few colleges there is still a want of system in the musical instruction; indeed, in some there seems to be none at all. The chief difficulties, with which the musical instructors in the training colleges have to contend, seem to arise as much from the small amount of preparatory training which many of the students, previous to their entry, have received, as from the variety of ways in which those having any musical skill have been trained. We are surprised to hear that the teachers have in some cases allowed students to continue practising on methods not approved by themselves or sanctioned by the college authorities. On this point he writes:—

It would be hard to say whether such a course of proceeding was likely to be more injurious to the music of a training school, as throwing difficulty in the way of the teacher, or to its *morale*, as fostering conceit in the pupils. Whatever be the method of instruction in a training college, the students should be required during their term of studentship to adopt it; first, for the sake of discipline, which the student surely must conform to before he can enforce; and, secondly, because the method which the teacher thinks the best *is* the best *for him*, simply because he believes in it, and is more familiar with it."

Though it seems hopeless to look for the adoption of a uniform system of instruction throughout the colleges generally, there should be no difficulty in insisting upon it in any individual college.

Mr. Hullah concludes his report by referring to the inspection of the work for which students in training colleges are continually in preparation, the teaching of music in elementary schools. By the New Code the grant for musical instruction is made contingent on singing being "*satisfactorily* taught." As to the manner in which singing has been taught in the elementary schools, the inspector writes:—

Hitherto singing "by ear" has been accepted as "singing," and the preparation of twelve songs as "teaching singing." It is to be hoped that this obviously provisional, and for a time inevitable, condition of things will soon be brought to an end. Whatever its value as a "means of moral discipline," singing "by ear," regarded from a musical point of view, is simply worthless. That the possession of ninety-nine songs got "by ear" will not enable the possessor to add another to the number by any independent effort of his own is obvious. The process of learning them in this way adds nothing to the power of the learner. It is absolutely sterile,

and ends with itself. On the other hand, the least skill in reading music, and the least acquaintance with musical science—and some of both may be given to every child who remains even a year at school—might easily, with subsequent opportunity, be developed, and has often been developed into a means of innocent and even ennobling recreation. Teaching songs "by ear," whatever it may be, is not teaching music. On the contrary, it is a serious hindrance to doing so, both as respects scholars and schools. As respects the former, experience shows that those who have been the longest in the habit of singing by ear are the slowest to apply themselves to singing by note; while, as respects the latter, the preparation thus of any considerable number of songs, absorbing, as it often will, the whole time for music in a given school, leaves none for dealing with the subject thoroughly.

He accordingly urges the necessity there is for the inspection of such teaching—not of songs, but—of music as is already carried on in many elementary schools, and which, if recognised, would soon make its way into many more.

From our summary of Mr. Hullah's report, it will be seen that it has been more his aim to bring about further progress and improvement than to "make things pleasant" all round.

HECTOR BERLIOZ ON THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(Translated from the French.)

LET us examine the theories of the so-called Wagner school, to which is generally given the name of *School of the Music of the Future*, because it is supposed to be directly opposed to the musical taste of the present age, and, on the contrary, perfectly suited to that of a future one.

For a long time, in Germany and elsewhere, opinions have been attributed to me which are not mine; consequently, I have often received gross affronts where praise was intended. I have hitherto been silent; but now, being called upon to explain myself in a categorical manner, am I still to be silent, or make a lying profession of faith? No one, I hope, will be of this opinion.

Let me speak, then, and let me speak with the utmost frankness. If the school of the future says—

"Music, now in the strength of its youth, is emancipated, is free; it can do what it likes.

"Many old rules are no longer in vogue; they were made by inattentive observers, or persons guided by custom for persons guided by custom (*esprits routiniers*).

"New requirements of the mind, of the heart, and of the sense of hearing, necessitate new attempts, and even, in certain cases, the infraction of old laws.

"Various forms are thoroughly worn out, and can no longer be used.

"*Everything is good, or everything is bad*, according to the use made of it, and the reason of its use.

"In its union with the drama, or simply as an accompaniment to words, music ought always to be in keeping with the sentiment expressed by them, with the character of the person singing, and often with the accent and vocal inflexions which are felt to be the most natural of spoken language.

"Operas should not be written for singers; singers, on the contrary, should be formed for operas.

"Works written solely with a view to display the talents of certain virtuosos can only be compositions of a second class order, and of very little merit.

"Executants are only instruments, more or less intelligent, for bringing to light the form and inmost meaning of a composer's works: their despotism is at an end.

"The master remains the master; he it is who commands.

"Sound, and the effects of sound, are subordinate to idea.

"Idea is subordinate to feeling and passion.

"Long and rapid vocalisation, the ornaments of singing, the vocal shake, and a multitude of rhythms, are not suitable for the expression of the greater number of serious, noble, and deep feelings.

"It is, consequently, foolish to write for a *Kyrie eleison* (the humblest prayer of the Catholic Church) passages likely to be mistaken for the shoutings of a set of drunkards at the table of a pothouse.

"And not less so to apply the same music to an invocation to Baal by the idolaters, and to the prayer addressed to Jehovah by the Children of Israel.

"It is still more odious to take an ideal creature, daughter of the greatest of poets, an angel of purity and love, and to make her sing like a courtesan," &c. &c.

* * * * *

If such be the code of the school of the future, we are of this school; we are thoroughly convinced of the truth of its teaching, and are united to it by the bonds of the warmest sympathy.

But if it says to us—

"You must do the contrary of what is taught by rule.

"We are weary of melody; we are weary of figures of melody; we are weary of airs, duets, trios, and pieces with regular thematic development; we are surfeited with consonant harmonies, simple dissonances prepared and resolved, natural and carefully-arranged modulations.

"You need only attend to the idea, and not trouble yourself in the least about sensation.

"You must despise the ear, 'tis of no account (*cette genaille*); treat it with brutality, and conquer it: it is not the object of music to please it. It must get used to everything and anything; to series of diminished sevenths ascending and descending like a number of serpents biting and devouring one another; to triple dissonances without preparation or resolution; to intermediate parts which are combined without agreeing either in harmony or in rhythm, and which mutually gall one another; to frightful modulations which introduce a tonality in one corner of the orchestra before the previous one has left the other corner.

"Pay no respect to the art of singing, nor trouble yourself about its nature and demands.

"In an opera, all you have to do is to mark the declamation, even if, for that purpose, you employ the most unsingable, ridiculous, and ugly intervals.

"You must make no difference whatever between music to be read by a musician quietly seated before his desk, and that which has to be sung by a chorus on the stage, by an artist occupied at the same time with his (or her) dramatic action and that of the other actors.

"Never make yourself uneasy about the possibilities of execution.

"If singers, when learning or trying to remember a rôle, experience as much trouble as if they were learning a page of Sanscrit or swallowing a handful of nutshells, so much the worse for them; they are paid to work; they are slaves.

"The witches of Macbeth are right: the beautiful is horrible, the horrible is beautiful"—

If such be its creed, it is new indeed. I am far from subscribing to it; I never did, and I never will. I raise my hand, and I swear: *Non credo*.

THE END OF A MUSICIAN IN PARIS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 113.)

It was not till several days had elapsed, which I spent partly in fruitless inquiries after the domicile of my friend, that I began to be painfully conscious how wrongly I had acted in not humouring, to a greater degree, the idiosyncrasy of a nature capable of such deep enthusiasm, and to blame myself for the harsh and perhaps exaggerated criticism with which I had met the plans he had so innocently communicated. In my well-meaning attempt to disgust him as much as possible with what he proposed—knowing both the man and his position so well, I could not think him any way fitted for the complicated and ambitious career he had sketched out—in my well-meaning attempt, as I said, I had not reflected that I had not to do with a docile and easily-influenced nature, but with one whose fervent belief in the divine and incontestable truth of his art had waxed to such a pitch of fanaticism as to render the most gentle and susceptible of characters obstinate and implacable.

To a certainty, I could not help saying to myself, he is now wandering about the streets of Paris in the perfect confidence that he has only to decide which of his plans he will first put into execution, in order to see his name placarded at once beside the door behind which lies the summit of his ambition. To a certainty he is now giving some old beggar a sou, with the firm intention of tossing him a napoleon before many months are past. The greater the interval that had transpired since we met, and the more hopeless my endeavours became to discover his whereabouts, the more—I will confess my weakness—was I affected by the confidence he had expressed, till at last I was so far gone that I could not forbear casting an occasional anxious glance at the programmes of the various musical entertainments, in the hope of lighting somewhere on the name of my fervent enthusiast. Nay, the more purposeless this also proved, the more—strange to say—did an ever-increasing belief associate itself with my friendly sympathy, that it was not altogether impossible that my friend might succeed, that perhaps at the very moment that I was so anxiously seeking him, his peculiar genius might have been already discovered and recognised by some one of eminence, nay, perhaps that he had already received one of those commissions, the fortunate execution of which brings honour, wealth—everything, indeed, at once. And why not? Does not every deeply sentient soul follow its star? Might not his be one of those that lead to fortune? Could not a miracle happen to roll the earth away and reveal the precious ore? The very fact that I did not see a single romance, overture, or anything of the kind with my friend's name above it, inclined me to fancy that he must have essayed and achieved his more ambitious conceptions first, and thus enabled to despise the more humble paths to publicity, might now be engaged in the composition of an opera in at least five acts. It is true that it did not escape me that I never encountered him in the haunts of the musical world, nor met with any one who had heard of him; nevertheless, as I was no frequenter of these places myself, I could easily imagine that it might be merely my ill-luck that had prevented me from chancing on the spot where by now he might be already in the midday radiance of his fame. It is not hard to conceive, however, that it needed a considerable lapse of time to transform what had been but a painful sort of sympathy for my friend into a credulous belief in the star that guided his fortunes. I had first to go through every stage of doubt, evil foreboding, and dawning hope, before I got so far. That kind of thing takes a long while

with me, and so nearly a year passed away from the day when I came upon a splendid dog and an enthusiastic friend in the Palais Royal. In the meantime a series of wondrously happy speculations had carried me to such a pitch of prosperity that, like Polycrates of old, I was seized with a terror of approaching ill. I thought, indeed, that I could see distinctly the misfortune that awaited me, and it was thus in a somewhat downcast mood that I sallied forth one evening to take my usual walk in the Champs Elysées.

It was autumn; the leaves were dropping from the trees, withered and discoloured, and the sky hung bare and grey over the Elysian scene around. That, however, had no deterring influence on Punch. There he was, as ever, giving way to fierce fits of passion, and challenging in his blind wrath the might of mundane justice, till at length the demoniacal principle, so fitly represented by the fettered cat, appeared to daunt with its supernatural claws the rashness of the over-aspiring mortal.

I was standing looking on close to the mimic theatre, when I overheard the following curiously intoned monologue in German:—

"Excellent! excellent! how on earth have I let myself wander so far afield in search of what was ready here to my hand? What? should I treat a stage like this with contempt—one where the most forcible of political and poetical truth is brought home to the most receptive and least pretentious of audiences? Is not this rash being *Don Juan*? Is not that terribly beautiful white cat the commander on horseback, just as in life? When my music lends its aid how wondrously will the artistic significance of this drama gain in depth and richness! What sonorous voices these actors have! and the cat! Oh, that cat! What undiscovered charms lie hidden in her splendid throat! One moment she is silent as the grave—the next she is all demon; but how will people be affected when she comes to sing the *coloratura* which I will set down for her! What an exquisite *portamento* she will introduce into the execution of that supernatural chromatic scale! What terrible sweetness will lie in her smile when she sings the soon famous air, 'Oh, Punch, art lost?' Oh, what a capital idea! And then what a splendid opportunity for the use of the tamtams which the constant raps from Punch's staff will afford me. Ah! why do I delay? To the director at once to court his favour. Here one can go straight to work—here there is no antechamber. With one step I am within the sanctuary face to face with him, whose divinely illuminated vision will discern the genius within me. But shall I encounter competition here also? Will the cat?—Quick, quick, or it will be too late!"

With these words the utterer of the monologue was just about to rush upon the Punch-box. I had recognised my friend and made up my mind to prevent a scene. I caught hold of his arm, and with an embrace brought his face to mine.

"Who is it?" he cried wildly. He soon remembered me, however, but slipped quickly from my grasp, and said coldly, "I might have guessed that only *you* were capable of withholding me from this step, the last that offers me a chance. Let me go—I may be too late."

I took hold of him again, but though I succeeded in hindering him from approaching the box, all that I could do would not move him from the spot. I had, however, leisure to take a good look at him. Heavens! in what a condition I found him. I do not speak of his clothing, but of his features. The former was indeed poor and threadbare, but the latter were terrible to see. His open, frank expression was gone; his eyes wandered with a dead, glassy stare; his pale sunken cheeks told a tale—

not of sorrow only—the hectic spots upon them spoke of the pangs of hunger.

My gaze of agonised sympathy seemed to affect him something in the same fashion, for he relaxed in his efforts to escape from me.

"How are you, dear R——?" I asked, with broken voice. With a smile—but one of sadness—I added, "Where is your splendid dog?"

With a downcast look he uttered the one word "Stolen."

"Not sold?" I inquired.

"Wretch, are you also like the Englishman?" he asked bitterly.

I did not understand what he meant. "Come," I said, as clearly as my choking voice would allow, "Come, take me home with you; I have a great deal to talk about."

"You will soon get to know where I live without asking me," he answered; "a full year has not gone by yet. I am now luckily on the straight road to recognition. Go! you do not believe me. Where's the good of preaching to stone walls? You shall soon see! But let me go now, if you would not have me hold you as my sworn enemy."

I tightened my grasp. "Where do you live?" I asked. "Come, take me with you; we will have a pleasant talk as friends, if you wish it shall be about your plans."

"You shall know them when I carry them out," he replied; "*quadrilles, galops*, that's what I am great in! You shall both see and hear. Do you see that cat? She shall bring me in a splendid royalty. Look how smooth she is, and how gracefully she licks her lips! Only fancy the moment when from that pretty mouth—from between those rows of pearly teeth—there shall issue the most exquisite of semiquavers, accompanied by the most delicate sighing and moaning in the world. Only fancy, friend! Oh, you have no imagination, you—Let me go, let me go, you have no imagination!"

I got a still firmer hold upon him, and entreated him most earnestly to take me home with him, but I could not make any impression. His gaze remained still anxiously fixed upon the cat.

"What an immensity depends on her!" he exclaimed. "Fortune, honour, fame, all lie in her soft paws. Heaven guide her heart and incline her towards me! She looks friendly! Yes, that is her cat's nature. She is at once friendly and polite, polite to excess! But she is a cat, a false, foresworn cat! Wait a bit—I am thy master! I have a magnificent dog; he will teach you manners! Hurrah! I have won. Where is my dog?"

In the whirl of his insanity he had almost shrieked the last words. He began darting hasty glances around as if seeking his dog. His yearning glance fell upon the carriage-road. In its midst a splendidly-mounted horseman was passing who, from his features and the peculiarities of his dress, appeared to be an Englishman. At his side a handsome, big Newfoundland dog ran barking and bounding.

"Ay! what I thought;" my friend shouted savagely. "My curse upon him. My dog! my dog!"

My strength was nothing to the superhuman force with which the unfortunate man tore himself from me. Like an arrow he darted on the track of the foreigner, who chanced just at that moment to break into a sharp gallop, which the dog accompanied with gleeful bounds. I attempted to pursue him, but it was quite useless. What exertion of mine could compete with those of a madman? I saw horseman, dog, and friend vanish together into one of the cross-streets that lead into the Faubourg du Roule. When I reached the turning nothing was to be seen of them. Suffice it to say that all my endeavours to trace my friend proved fruitless.

Deeply moved and wildly excited as I was, I had at

length to make up my mind to abandon my researches for a time. The reader will, however, easily imagine that I nevertheless neglected no chance of discovering some indication of the whereabouts of my much-to-be-pitied friend. Everywhere where musicians gathered I made inquiries, but always without the slightest results. Only in the hallowed antechambers of the Opera did certain of the humbler employés call to mind an unhappy-looking creature who had often waited there for an interview with the director; but of course they knew nothing either of his name or his address. My other inquiries, even those addressed to the police, were equally fruitless; even the guardians of the public not having seemed to consider it worth their while to take notice of the poor wretch.

I was in complete despair. One day, however, about two months after the occurrence in the Champs Elysées, I received a note which was forwarded to me through an acquaintance. I opened it with a sad foreboding, and read the simple words:

"Come, friend, and see me die."

The accompanying address gave the name of a narrow lane in Montmartre. I was too much touched to weep, and made my way with all speed up the hill. Following the direction I came upon one of the wretched-looking dwellings which are to be seen in the back streets of this little suburb. In spite of its miserable exterior the building in question had a fifth story; my unfortunate friend seemed to have taken a pleasure in this, and so I was compelled to undertake the long ascent. I was in some degree repaid, however; for when, on inquiring for my friend, I was conducted into a back room, instead of a view of a street hardly six feet wide, I obtained a splendid prospect of the whole of Paris.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, August, 1875.

TO-DAY we can hardly fulfil our duty of reporting musical news, the fact being that no events of musical importance have occurred. All public musical performances are at an end, and art has now retired into family circles. At this hot time of the year amateurs practise music more assiduously than artists, the latter being glad of the recreation so necessary to them after their long and busy season. Much has lately been said and written against the excessive dilettantism of our time, which has been spoken of as dangerous to art, many even professing to see in it a sign of the decay of music as an art. Although it is hardly necessary for us to defend dilettantism, we will try to prove that the spreading of it is not only necessary, but that it furthers the interests of art.

Unless we reduce the enjoyment of music to the sensual feeling of pleasure caused by sound, such as is felt by savages and animals, a certain degree of mental cultivation is indispensable in order to enjoy art thoroughly. Musical art, to be understood, requires more than a general education. It differs essentially from all other arts, inasmuch as it can only call into existence certain moods of mind, but cannot represent to us definite figures (*Anschaunngen*). The tones of which a musical composition is formed are, in themselves, something quite abstract. Their combination and compilation into musical phrases remain something vague, except in programme or vocal music, where the words supply the

hearer with a distinct idea. Pure instrumental music, however, must be musically conceived; a programme given to a symphony or quartett by Beethoven, however cleverly it may be compiled, cannot increase the æsthetical enjoyment of these works, but will probably lessen it. Pure instrumental music leads the soul far beyond the pictures of reality. This wonderful art has really nothing more in common with the world than the implements necessary for producing tone, which it borrows from the latter. Instrumental music works by tone or sound only; all other arts attach their art-ideas to objects and things of the actual world—they work through pictures, figures, and words.

Each art demands, for the better understanding of its works, some technical knowledge of its specific products. More than with any other art this is the case with music, for the conception of musical works is not achieved by sight, and its relationship to the objects of the sensual world forms no help for understanding it. The first condition is that the listener is really able to hear musically. Amateurs may attain this by attending the performance of good musical works. This will invariably be accompanied by an irresistible desire to perform these works themselves; the more so as by this means all the beauties of a composition may be much sooner grasped and understood. We think this is the origin of all good and true dilettantism, and that in this manner a musical child will feel inclined to sing or play a melody it has heard before.

Some French writer, whose name we do not recollect, says: "Man must be educated for everything, even for dining." Paradoxical as this may appear at first, it yet proves true; and not only from its æsthetical point of view (the manner of eating), but also as regards the taste of the viands, and more especially the selection of the proper and healthy food for nourishment. We must be educated for everything, but more especially for the proper enjoyment of art. This is really the *raison d'être* of a much-spread music-dilettantism, and all the ascetics' grumbling about children wasting time in practising pianoforte exercises will be of no avail. No educated father or guardian should fail to fit the children entrusted to him for the enjoyment of a musical work, as far as time, means, and opportunity offer themselves. For the real and complete understanding of a composition can only be attained by a musically educated person. What the transcendent enjoyment of a musical art-work may be to an educated hearer cannot be described in any language.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, August 6th, 1875.

THE yearly examinations of the Conservatoire were held this year for the first time during July, instead of as heretofore towards the end of this month. For the relief of the professors, as well as of the pupils, who in the usually very hot weather of that time are glad to get out into the country, they will in future be held at this time. The three last concerts, in which the best pupils had the honour of performing, were filled to the last place by a very attentive audience, which enjoyed the progress of the pupils, who executed their pieces with astonishing finish. The best performance of all was that of Franz Krezma, a youth thirteen years old, from Agram, who performed Ernst's Papageno Rondo for violin. The wind-instruments were represented by solos for clarinet and French horn; the piano was predominant, of course; and the ladies were in advance of the gentlemen. That can be

said again and in a higher degree of the dramatic productions, consisting of scenes, arias, duettos, &c., from the operas *Le Domino Noir*, *Trovatore*, *Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Dinorah*, *Aida*, and *Traviata*. The ladies Bernstein, Gerster, Wohlmuth were really excellent in their display of fine voices, execution, and dramatic talent. In a second degree, Frl. Riegel, Wülflinghoff, Wächter, Dienersperg, and Baier are worthy to be named. The first-named unanimously received the first prize, which would have been certainly awarded to Frl. Kunz, if she had not unfortunately been ill. Frl. Kunz is already engaged for Berlin, and Frl. Gerster, Wohlmuth, and Bernstein for Italy. The same distinction we find over and over again every year, to the credit of the professor of the singing class, Frau Marchesi. The orchestra, composed of the young pupils of the institute, executed overtures, symphonies, and the accompaniment to the concertos and opera-pieces so well, that one would not be surprised some day to see the whole corps engaged for an opera or concert undertaking—the credit of which would be due to their conductor and professor, Herr Hellmesberger.

The annual report of the Conservatoire and the Schauspielschule, by which it was supplemented last year, shows at the end of the last scholastic year fifty-nine professors (twelve for the dramatic school), 684 pupils, of whom 244 enjoyed the benefit of gratuitous teaching, and thirty-eight at half-price. The pupils are instructed in singing (solo, dramatic, and choral), violin, violoncello, contra-basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trombone, trumpet, harp, organ, composition, counterpoint, thorough-bass, and the history of music. In the dramatic school they are taught the Italian, French, German, and English languages, declamation and poetry, the history of literature, dramatic representation, historic costumes, gymnastics and fencing, poetry and mythology, pantomime and dancing, history and aesthetics. The following pupils, leaving the Conservatoire, were honoured by the silver Gesellschafts medal:—Singing—Frl. Ida Gerster, Pauline Kunz; piano—Frl. Ida Heeger, Angelica Neusser, Varette Ter-Stepanoff, Franziska Teplitzky, Herr Rudolf Raiman, Alois Walsch; violin—Herr Franz Krezma, Frl. Camilla von Ottenfeld; horn—Herr Alois Novak; clarinet—Herr Carl Spöfmann; and harp—Frl. Therese Zamara.

A few words about the Opera: the engagement of the Kapellmeister, Herr Schuck, from Dresden, has not been realised; the place of a third conductor will now be vacant, at least for the present. Many administrative changes, to simplify the business of the offices, have taken place. Richard Wagner is expected in November, to conduct his own operas, and perhaps also some by Mozart and Gluck, or at least to give his advice in regard to their representation. This and other plans are kept so secret, that it seems the Meister will exercise a greater influence over our opera-life than we have looked for.

Reviews.

The Great Tone-Poets. By F. CROWEST. Richard Bentley & Son. *Musical Composers and their Works.* By SARAH TYTLER. Daldy, Isbister & Co.

WE have taken previous occasion, in former pages of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, to protest against that practice of publishers, which now so frequently obtains, of giving to the public musical articles, pamphlets, and books which, from the point of view from which they profess to be written, are barely worth the paper on which they are printed. It seems a prevalent notion that a musical book is wanted every now and then; that if its contents be racy enough, it will be a profitable speculation; that the great thing is to produce a book that will be considered readable by the general public; while its truthfulness and general utility are matters of which no account

need be taken. Such dishonesty, as far as music is concerned, is very readily condoned. What a hundred pens would protest against, were it any other matter of interest that were involved, is suffered to pass by unnoticed, or at any rate unchallenged, if music is the only subject in question. Articles and essays which would not pass the sub-editor of a third-rate newspaper, did they profess to discuss any other topic of literary or scientific moment, are paraded readily enough in leading journals and reviews, as if they were the most profound and exhaustive criticism that could be met with, if it be music, or a musical composer, upon which they enlarge. To a great extent, no doubt, the public themselves are to blame for this. Music by them is too much considered as a mere diversion, about which no knowledge is to be held necessary, and about which one thing only is imperative, that there shall be plenty of tunes. A man who would be afraid to open his mouth were he asked his opinion about the probable results of the Arctic Expedition, or the artistic merits of half-a-dozen pictures in the Academy, will undertake to enlighten a whole assembly upon the merits or demerits of a Beethoven symphony, or upon the qualifications of Herr Joachim or Dr. Hans von Bülow. The idea is that to have musical knowledge, or musical appreciation, or musical taste, or to be competent to pronounce musical criticism, it is only necessary to have the faculty of recognising a tune when you hear it, or occasionally to attend a fashionable morning concert. To such a state of things, as far as the public is concerned, publishers with certain limits may be pardoned for pandering. Their business, it may be said, is to sell books, and the books that people want to buy—not the books which it may be thought good for them to read. Perhaps that is true enough; but, at the same time, it may be urged that at least as much discretion should be exercised, as much advice taken, in bringing out a musical volume as—let us say—in giving to the world a volume of sermons, or a new volume of poems. It cannot be said that, in the case of these latter, publishers are only consulting the tastes of those who are to buy books, and not considering at all the intrinsic merits of what they are offering to the public; because if the books are not up to a certain standard they will not be favourably reviewed, and if not well reviewed they will not sell. Even if favourable reviews might be had for the paying, there is still a verdict of the public which an unworthy book will not secure in its favour; for an educated person is enabled to condemn, almost without knowing why, a volume of feeble poems or a collection of dull sermons. The fact is that education and taste rebel involuntarily against anything extraordinarily monstrous from a literary point of view. Unfortunately music does not possess the same safeguards against unworthy treatment, because as music forms at present no *sine quâ non* of a liberal education, people either possess no information upon the subject at all, or are not so sufficiently informed as to condemn either extravagant musical theory or untrue musical history. What the public want in a book about music, the publishers say, is amusement, good stories, whether true or false, and that is all they want. Hence, though a book of this sort might not be a profitable speculation twice in a year, it may be so once in two years; or an occasional musical pamphlet may sell—and so forth. But if publishers may be pardoned for simply watching the market, and for allowing, as they suppose, the demand to regulate the supply, what shall be said of the real offenders who are at the bottom of all this kind of musical book-making, entirely, one would suppose, without conscience in the matter—who would supply a "Book about Chimney Sweeping," or a volume of "Lives of London Shoe-Blacks," were they only certain that such would sell, or that the uncertainty or worthlessness of their information was not liable to detection? To them is due the discredit into which music in this country has fallen, the depth of popular musical taste, and the low repute in which professional musicians are unworthily held. If any one wants to know what we mean, he may study the musical criticism of some of the daily papers, where he will often find a column and a half devoted to a well-worn Italian opera or a Promenade Concert, while a couple of lines are considered sufficient in review of musical items of real interest; he may read Mr. Hawes's "Music and Morals," or the no less astounding literary fireworks which that gentleman is displaying month by month to a credulous public in the columns of *Good Words*; or, lastly, he may read among the lowest in the scale of such publications, the two volumes now under review. Such writers, whether wittingly or not, must be held responsible for a state of things which makes more than sad the hearts of such persons as are interested in the progress of music as an art, and not merely as a recreation—who would give their time and their money, in so far as these were at their disposal, to rescue this country from the musical oblivion into which it seems in danger of falling—above all, who would secure, if possible, for musicians and professional people of all kinds, the honourable position in society, and the just recognition by it, to which, both by their labours and on personal

grounds, they are so amply entitled. Is it too much to ask those who have already become, or are thinking of becoming, literary adventurers of this description, to stay their hands in the real interests of the subject their pretended advocacy has done so much to injure?

When we read Mr. Crowest's book, with the intention of giving some account of it, we are duly impressed with the difficulty of the subject. If its nature is due to the fact that Mr. Crowest knows little of what he has written about, then we can but ask, why write a book for which there is no call, without any certainty as to the accuracy of the information to be conveyed by it, and certainly with the very faintest acquaintance of the first rules of English composition? If it owes its appearance to a possibility that money may be made by its publication, then we can only regard it as deserving condemnation in the strongest possible terms. We are told in the preface that the author has "had recourse to, and made extracts from, many works, all of which *he thinks* he has acknowledged"—though there is not a single authority quoted throughout the volume. There is, with very few exceptions, not a single correctly-spelt German word; there are frequent direct inversions of fact; there is nearly every well-worn old story which could be trumped up, although most of them can be shown to rest on the most shadowy and insufficient data; the most preposterous theories are hazarded, and the most flagrant blunders perpetrated; in fact, not only has Mr. Crowest forgotten to acknowledge his authorities, but he seems to have seldom done them even the honour of consulting them. It will be sufficient, after this, if we make a few quotations from the book, which will more clearly show its general character, and express the hope that, no less for its own credit than for the sake of music generally, and musical criticism particularly, it may be as shortlived as the *Et Cetera* magazine, in the now defunct pages of which it first saw the light.

Mr. Crowest says that he was asked to write "a series of articles on the great composers in a style that would interest the general reader, as well as the musician." They shall, both of them, have a sample of the entertainment provided for them. In speaking of Weber's operas, Mr. Crowest says:—

"... the overture to *Preciosa*, and all his subsequent ones, contain the leading melodies and ideas of the operas themselves—a by no means uninteresting fact to know—as being completed before the text had been graced with a single note, these overtures clearly prove with what marvellous skill Weber worked; and how the whole opera, acts, songs, and choruses, reached maturity in the composer's mind before they ever came to the mechanical work of being written down."

We are not, of course, aware whether this passage is intended to appeal to the general reader or to the musician. The fact, however, is that in the case of every single opera, with the exception of *Preciosa*, the composition of which Jähns, in his catalogue of Weber's works, says was in a manner entirely contrary to his custom, the overture was put on paper *after* the completion of the rest of the work. Such an ignorance of facts is again betrayed by Mr. Crowest when, in speaking of the "Jubilee" cantata, he says, "that, in support of the opinion that the 'Jubilee' overture is a distinct work from the cantata, there is evidence that it was not Weber's usual custom to write his overtures *after* the completion of whatever works they were intended for." We have just shown that Mr. Crowest's evidence is the very reverse of true, and we may further hint to him that an examination of the catalogue of Weber's works would have convinced him that there was no necessity for "its remaining for ever a mystery whether the overture is distinct from the cantata, or whether both formed parts of one composition," because not only, as he himself states, is the overture in the key of E, while the cantata begins in the key of E flat, but Jähns, moreover, distinctly tells us that the composition of the overture was due to the fact that the cantata was not liked, and that, at the same time, it was desired that the programme in which it was to have appeared should contain an air of novelty about it.

In speaking of Spohr, Mr. Crowest says:—

"Few have been more devoted to their art, or more ready to help a poor but promising student, than Spohr: few have appreciated the works of others as did the composer of the 'Last Judgment,' and the 'Power of Sound.'"

The general reader may perhaps care to know what the musician probably already knows—that Spohr, with all his good qualities, was one of the most self-opinionated and egotistical of men—who said, when some one played to him Beethoven's sonata in E minor, "Ah, very good; have you composed much in this style?" And, perhaps, both the general reader and the musician would like to have pointed out to them Mr. Crowest's self-contradiction when, in speaking of the Choral Symphony, which he also calls "The Jupiter," he quotes Spohr's dictum respecting it:—

"The Ninth Symphony, as regards the first three movements, is, in spite of occasional traits of genius, inferior to any of his former ones; and the conception of Schiller's Ode, in the fourth movement, is so utterly monstrous and absurd, that it is beyond my comprehension how Beethoven could write such a thing."

In an account of Schubert's early compositions we are told that "among many songs the well-known 'Hagar's Lament' belongs to the early period of the life of our genius."

When we state that the "well-known" Hagar's Lament has not even been published—that Reissmann was allowed to copy a few extracts from it for his work on Schubert, and that that is all that has ever been seen of the music in England—some notion can be formed of the trustworthiness of Mr. Crowest's musical information.

In his account of the composition of the "Erl König," which "wonderful tone-picture," Mr. Crowest says, "was dashed down in the presence of a friend who entered the room as Schubert was reading the ballad," Mr. Crowest states—and for him this is as nearly as possible perfectly correct—that Madame Schumann is the happy possessor of the original score. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Crowest appears not to know that there happens to be *two* autographs of the song, one of which—an earlier version of 1815, with a remarkable difference in the accompaniment—is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Under ordinary circumstances, such an oversight as this would not be worth noticing were it not for the bombastic assurance of Mr. Crowest, who describes the "Erl König," and everything connected with it, as if he were entrusted with the disposal of a revelation.

It must be difficult, either for the general reader or for the musician, or indeed for any one, unless it be Mr. Crowest himself, to read the following with patience if he knows anything of the music of Schubert or Beethoven:—

"... five masterly pianoforte sonatas—those in E flat, A flat, A, F, and B minor—works only inferior to that of Beethoven," &c.

And again—

"In song he" (*i.e.*, Schubert) "is prodigious, and stands apart from every other composer; but in the other branches he has his superiors. The 'Seventh' is the only one of the symphonies that at all approaches the finest known examples in this form, and before these Schubert's last and best pales. In opera Schubert is nowhere: he lacked the vital faculty of knowing when to stop, and this would ever have shut him out from the opportunity of obtaining such salient points in opera as a 'crisis' and 'situation.' The piano music Schubert has left certainly entitles him to an exalted place ... yet no one could ever think of comparing his piano music with that which the monarch Beethoven has left behind him. It is too thin."

One hardly knows what to reply. Language the reverse of parliamentary would be the best relief to one's feelings. It is impossible to reason seriously with opinions so expressed. Happily neither the individuality of Beethoven nor Schubert stands in need of the advocacy, or is likely to be impaired by the criticism of Mr. Crowest. As to comparing the compositions of the two masters, we have yet to learn the parallel which can lie between dissimilar things, all of which may be masterpieces or perfect in their ways. Beer and claret are both of them excellent drinks, yet it would be somewhat hard to institute a comparison between them. No one would think of insisting upon a resemblance of Mr. Crowest to Miss Tytler, though both seem as nearly alike in point of musical incompetence as they could well be.

We have left ourselves small space in which to speak of Miss Tytler. Happily, however, there is not much difference "twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;" and in dealing with Mr. Crowest we have in large part been reviewing Miss Tytler also. The lady says that "her book is designed for the use of young people in the course of their musical education" ("thoughtful girls," we suppose?) "and for older persons who have neither time nor opportunity to refer to original sources of information." As her chief authorities happen to be Mr. Haweis and a novel entitled *Alceste*—which appeared a few years back, and spoke of musical matters—perhaps some among her readers will be able to judge of the trustworthiness of what she sets before them. Here are specimens—

"Mr. Haweis has this concluding version of Beethoven's associations with women:—'The ladies might knit him comforters, make him light puddings; he would even condescend to lie on their sofas after dinner, and pick his teeth with the snuffers, while they played his sonatas.'"

Again—

"Mr. Haweis quotes Beethoven's violence:—'Nancy is too uneducated for a housekeeper; indeed, quite a beast. . . . The cook's off again. . . . I shied half-a-dozen books at her head.'"

Again (of Schubert)—

"Mr. Haweis records that to the end of his life they (the brothers Hüttenbrenner) fetched and carried for him in the most exemplary manner. They puffed him incessantly, at home and abroad; they bullied his publishers, abused his creditors, carried on much of his correspondence, and not unfrequently paid his debts. They were unwearied in acts of kindness and devotion to him; never frozen by his moroseness; never soured or offended by the brusqueness of his manner. . . . It was of one of these only too accommodating yet constant friends that Schubert complained, 'The fellow likes everything I do.'"

The fact is, that this book is one of the deplorable results of Mr. Haweis' "Music and Morals." The habit that was there

displayed of seizing upon everything connected with music, or musical composers, whether with or without foundation in fact—of twisting and turning, enlarging and exaggerating upon, every event, story, or association supposed to be mixed up with them, finds its legitimate development in the volume before us, which, ranging as it does in its accounts from Palestrina to the Christy Minstrels, is the strangest possible potpourri of solemn reflection and wildest ignorance. Is it too much to ask Mr. Haweis again, as we have done previously in this article, to stay his hand, and save an art, which he could do so much to ennoble, from the dirt through which he seems at present to be doing his best to drag it?

A. D.

[In speaking of Schubert's "seventh" symphony as his "last," Mr. Crowest displays entire ignorance of the result of recent researches. He should read the appendix, by Mr. George Grove, to Kreissle von Hellborn's "Life of Schubert," a translation of which, by A. D. Coleridge, was published by Messrs. Longman, Green, & Co., as long ago as 1869. He would then learn that what was formerly known as Schubert's "seventh" symphony, by the discovery of two others of an earlier date, has now come to be regarded as his "ninth."—Ed. M. M. R.]

PIANOFORTE.

Walzer (in E flat), for the Pianoforte. By CARL REINECKE. Op. 113. London: Augener and Co.

THIS is not a waltz to dance to, but a brilliant pianoforte piece designed for the drawing-room or for concert use. Regarded in this light, it is somewhat akin in its serious and artistic character to Chopin's waltzes, and to Liszt's arrangements of some of those by Schubert. Though offering no extreme difficulties to practised pianists, it is by no means easy to execute at first sight. But being just one of those pieces the difficulties of which are only to be overcome by studiously observing the composer's directions as to fingering and phrasing, it may be recommended as both useful and pleasing for practice.

Duo Brillant, à quatre mains, pour le Piano. Par CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS. Op. 19. Mayence: Schott and Co.

As a rule, one cannot but regard with suspicion a work by an English composer which bears a foreign title. In the present instance, however, it may safely be asserted that the French title of Mr. Stephens' duet is in no way to be put down to affectation on the part of its composer, but simply to be attributed to the universality of his publishers. Mr. Stephens has so long been honourably known among English musicians, if not also favourably to the general public, as the composer of works of large dimensions and of a classical tendency, including at least a symphony and an overture which we can recall hearing with pleasure, if indeed there be not others of this grade which have passed from our recollection, as well as also of several concerted chamber works, that any new work from his pen cannot be otherwise regarded than as welcome to musicians. The work before us, which on more than one recent occasion of its being heard in public has been very favourably received, may certainly be ranked as a worthy contribution to the somewhat limited repertory of really good duets specially written for the pianoforte. Its form is that of a sonata in three movements. The first is a well-developed allegro; the second, an organ-like theme, with variations, treated contrapuntally with much ingenuity and by no means drily; the finale, which follows without a pause, is of a somewhat lighter texture, but thoroughly musicianly and effective.

Bunte Blätter (Leaves of different colours). Original Pieces for the Pianoforte. By ROBERT SCHUMANN. Op. 99. London: Augener and Co.

THIS is a reprint, from Pauer's complete edition of Schumann's pianoforte works, of one of the most charming of his minor works. It consists of fourteen detached pieces, composed at various times between the years 1830 and 1849. Among the most important and most characteristic of them may be enumerated the first of "Three Pieces," the first of five "Album Leaves," a Novelette, a Funeral March, a Serenade (Abend-musik), a Scherzo, and a Quick March. Being by no means difficult of execution and specially attractive, they might aptly be made to serve as preparatory studies for Schumann's greater works. We cannot imagine anyone of real musical taste taking them up for the first time without being allured by them to attack some of these.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 27. Vol. 4. Novello and Co.

THE one piece of real worth which this number contains is a "Fantasia on St. Ann's Hymn Tune," by E. SILAS. It is an extremely clever and original work; and, although some critics will be disposed to cavil at the fact of its beginning in the key of F

sharp minor and ending in D major, we have no hesitation in saying that if Dr. Spark can promise his subscribers one such piece in every three months, the reputation of the periodical will be well sustained.

The other three movements contained in the July number do not call for special remark.

Andante and Allegro Maestoso, for the Organ (C. Jefferys). *Te Deum Laudamus* (Webster and Co.). By CHARLES BRADLEY.

THE former of the two organ movements here mentioned is smoothly written, and is suitable for an in-going voluntary. The latter pleases us less on account of its poverty of ideas. In his setting of the "Te Deum," Mr. Bradley deserves praise for his careful part-writing and for his judicious avoidance of restless modulations.

The International Rifle Match, a Welcome from Alma Mater, Trinity College, Dublin, 1875. Written by J. F. WALLER, LL.D. Composed by R. P. STEWART, Knt., Mus. D., University Professor of Music.

A LITHOGRAPH copy of the music given to each guest at the banquet for the American Rifleman in Trinity College, Dublin, and having the above heading, has been sent to us. It is, of course, chiefly interesting from its associations, but the ingenious manner in which the airs of different nationalities are in one place lovingly united is also worthy of note.

A Rudimentary and Practical Treatise on Music. The Rudiments of the Art of Playing the Pianoforte. By CHARLES CHILD SPENCER. London: Lockwood and Co.

THE first of these little books, which we first made acquaintance with about a quarter of a century ago as No. 69 of "Weale's Rudimentary Series," having now reached an eighth edition, may fairly be regarded as a standard work. Though the author's views in regard to the construction of the various forms of the minor scale, and his assertion that all extreme discords are derived therefrom, may be open to question by theorists, his work—treating as it does comprehensively of the theory of musical sounds, of the rudiments of practical music, of harmony, counterpoint, and composition—may certainly be recommended to musical students as providing, for the modest sum of half-a-crown, a larger fund of information than many very much more expensive works on the subject.

Of its sequel, on the Rudiments of Pianoforte Playing, much the same may be said. The directions laid down for beginners are very clearly and concisely expressed, it is to be regretted, however, that the small size of the pages, except to the possessors of exceptionally good sight, cannot but render the exercises and lessons, which are judiciously and tastefully chosen, practically useless at the instrument.

La Belle Alliance, March. H. S. ELLIOTT. J. McDowell. WE cannot conceive how any publisher could have been induced to print such a piece as this. It consists of a few perpetually iterated phrases, accompanied throughout by a ceaseless alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies, without the slightest feature of interest.

Marche des Davidbündler contre les Philistins, pour Piano. Par R. SCHUMANN (Augener and Co.). This movement, extracted from the composer's "Carneval," has now been published separately, and not only in the form of a pianoforte solo, but also as a duet. The fact that this edition is revised by Herr Pauer should be a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the text.

Il Maestro e lo Scolaro, Variations for Two Performers on the Pianoforte. By JOSEPH HAYDN. Revised by E. PAUER (Augener and Co.). This humorous work is not only interesting in itself, but is especially so on account of its having furnished ideas, of which modern teachers have been glad to avail themselves.

Ballade, for the pianoforte, by JAMES C. CULWICK (Augener and Co.), is a well-written piece in the "Nocturne" style, in which we are glad to observe that the claims of the left hand to be brought into use are not wholly disregarded.

Floating Fancies, Mazurka; *Chant du Bivouac*, Caprice Militaire; Transcription, *When lovers say good-night*, J. L. HATTON; *Silvery Peals*; *Vivat Regina*, Marche Loyale; *Merry Measures*, Caprice à la Danse. By E. DORN. Augener and Co.

ALL these pianoforte pieces are thoroughly effective, and written in that easy and brilliant style for which Herr Dorn is remarkable. We prefer the two first-named, but all of them will doubtless find admirers. The "Chant du Bivouac" is also published in duet form, which will be the means of extending the sphere of its usefulness.

La Marquise, Menuet Valse; *Menuet Brillant*. By CH. NEUSTEDT. J. McDowell and Co.

HERR NEUSTEDT is one of the very best of our modern composers of moderately easy pianoforte music. The two examples under notice are favourable specimens of the skill, bearing internal evidence of good sound musicianship, combined with considerable inventive power, of a kind not too often met with.

VOCAL.

Irish Eyes; *From the Red Rose*; *An Irish Lullaby*. Three Songs. By C. VILLIERS STANFORD. London: Chappell and Co.

THESE three songs, by the organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, are especially to be commended for their fresh, tuneful, and healthy character, no less than for the musicianly treatment they have received. There is a sort of madrigalian tinge about "Irish Eyes" which is very taking.

"An Irish Lullaby" is set to an old melody, for which Mr. Stanford has supplied a very appropriate and effective accompaniment. It contains a rare example of the employment of a five-note chord, which Professor Macfarren would probably designate as the second inversion of the dominant minor thirteenth. That the five notes, G, C, E natural, A flat, B flat, heard (in effect) simultaneously, do not produce the unpleasant result that might have been expected, might be put down to the disposition of the chord and its resolution.

We have derived so much satisfaction from these songs of Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, that we look forward to making acquaintance with some of his larger compositions.

Reveill; *When the day is cold and dreary*. Songs. By CLEVELAND WIGAN.

TWO songs of fair average merit. The verses, however, are not of a very high order; such lines as—

"And close beside the garden rail,
Now sweetly blooms the primrose pale"

are scarcely calculated to inspire the composer. In the second song the poet has (perhaps inadvertently) paraphrased a portion of Herrick's "Lament."

Wishes (Sehnsucht), Song. A. RUBINSTEIN. Augener and Co. An exquisite song, full of dramatic force and pure poetic feeling. Rubinstein is a conscientious worker in the highest school of art, as all his numerous compositions testify, but for unobtrusive beauty and intense expression we have rarely seen anything from his pen, the perusal of which has produced more intense enjoyment than this little work. The inexperienced performer will, we fear, find considerable difficulty in mastering the formidable array of double flats, which are to be found in the last verse. It would certainly be wise, in order that the song should have a chance of becoming known in amateur circles, to alter the notation here, using sharps by an enharmonic change for the last four bars on page 6, and the first four on page 7; more especially as the substitution would not violate the rules of musical orthography.

The Sailor's Song. T. O. MARKS. Novello and Co.

NEITHER better nor worse than others of its class, but scarcely the kind of work we should have expected from a holder of the honourable degree of Mus. Doc., Oxon. There is a striking want of freshness and originality, and the accompaniment is laboured, and at times trivial; one progression is also very ugly.

A Song of Sleep. Methven, Simpson, and Co., Dundee.

THIS is the production of one poet and two musicians, Mr. REATH being responsible for the verses, whilst Miss WEDDELL and Mr. WATSON are the composers of the melody and accompaniment respectively, the whole thing being the result of a competition for prizes offered by the proprietors of the *People's Journal*. The combined efforts of the three manufacturers, whose names we have carefully given above, are inoffensive, and might be listened to with considerable enjoyment at a social tea-party, or some similar entertainment, when conviviality is tempered with extreme moderation. We feel quite sure its performance would greatly assist the efforts of those seeking "Nature's divine restorer." Thus far the heading of the title-page is justified.

Orphan's Song, M. J. GLINKA; *Her flute-like tones are round me ringing* (Russian Romance), E. P. TARNOFFSKY. Augener and Co.

THE excerpt from Glinka's opera, *The Life of the Czar*, is characterised by a wild pathetic charm, that is exceedingly fascinating. As mere abstract music, it is also interesting, its quaint originality at once enlisting the attention of the musician.

The Romance is quite German in style, simple and unassuming, but thoroughly effective. We would suggest, as mere matter of detail, the substitution of A for F in the chords at bar 2 on 2nd staff of page 2; and D for F# as the first quaver in bar 2, top staff on page 3, for reasons at once evident to the musician.

La Venditrice di Fiori; *L'Orfanella* (Songs); *The Weavers of Brianza*; *The Butterfly* (Duettings). Augener and Co.

THE two songs are really excellent specimens of their class. Replete with fresh and tuneful melody, and quite within the reach of moderately-skilled vocalists, they will be found most useful for teaching purposes, and the first of them will no doubt become popular in the concert-room, its undeniably brilliant character rendering it especially suitable for such a purpose.

The two duets are of much slighter calibre, and obviously intended for ladies who have had but little experience as vocalists. This will no doubt, in many cases, render them popular. They are carefully written throughout, which is a specially notable feature in the present music-making age.

Four Sacred Motets, by ALBERT G. EMERICK (North and Co., Philadelphia), may be taken as a fair specimen, they serve to show to what a low ebb the tide of church music has fallen in America.

SUNDRIES.

Two *Brilliant Duets*, for Violin and Pianoforte (the violin part in the first position), by E. W. RITTER (Augener and Co.), will be found excellent practice for amateurs of the violin. No. 1 is founded on the favourite "Carneval of Venice," and No. 2 is a Fantasia on Flotow's *Stradella*. It should be added that the bowing, &c., is carefully marked throughout.

The third number of *Collard's Method of Practising the Flute* maintains the high standard of excellence which has been reached by its predecessors. The thoughtful care with which each little pamphlet (containing hints and general instruction) is prepared is worthy of all praise; and some of the remarks would apply with equal force to other instruments besides the flute, and might well be taken to heart by amateurs generally. The present number contains a "Concerto Pastorale," by J. F. BARNETT, the pianoforte accompaniment having been specially arranged by the composer. The music is melodious, and some of the passages are very brilliant.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOKS.—*The Violin: its famous Makers and their Imitators*, by GEORGE HART (Dulau and Co.). *Friedemann Bach; or, the Fortunes of an Idealist*, translated from the German of Brachvogel (Tinsley Brothers). *A Rudimentary and Practical Treatise on Music*, by CHARLES CHILD SPENCER (Lockwood and Co.). *The Rudiments of the Art of Playing the Pianoforte*, by CHARLES CHILD SPENCER (Lockwood and Co.). *The Notation of Vocal Music, on the Principle of Substitution of Pitch*, by W. W. PEARSON (W. Reeves). *The National Rudiments of Music*, by JOHN D'ESTÉ, Mus. Doc. (A. Bertini, Seymour, and Co.).

Concerts, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE annual "Prize Concert" of this national institution was given at St. James's Hall, on the 21st July. Those who were present at the concerts of the last few years must have foreseen that, on account of the great increase in the number of students of the Royal Academy of Music, as well as on account of the increased interest felt in their concerts by the public generally, their removal to a more spacious locale must soon have become an actual necessity, even if the Hanover Square Rooms had not ceased to become available for concerts. We have seldom seen St. James's Hall so densely crowded as it was on the present occasion, by an audience which was evidently attracted as much by a genuine feeling of interest in the institution, as by the wish to witness the distribution of the prizes, which important duty was kindly undertaken by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). The orchestra, no less than the auditorium, was well filled by a band of choralists and instrumentalists, principally consisting of past and present students of the institution, led by Messrs. Sainton and Amor, and conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren. The programme stood as follows:—

Fugue in A flat Organ, Mr. ROSE.
Schumann.
Quintett and Chorus "My heart from its terror reposes."
(Robin Hood). G. A. Macfarren.
Miss MARIAN WILLIAMS, Miss SHADON,
Mr. HOWELLS, Mr. NICHOLS, and Mr. ROBERT GEORGE.

- Concerto in A (Last Movement) *Grieg.*
 Pianoforte, Mr. DEAS.
 Scena "Softly sighs" (*Der Freischütz*). *Weber.*
 Miss LARKCOM (Westmorland Scholar).
 Lieder Ohne Worte, Nos. 1, 4, and 5, Book 4 *Mendelssohn.*
 Pianoforte, Miss EDRIE.
 Song (MS.) "My heart is heavy." *Eaton Fanning*
 (Student).
 Miss MARY DAVIS (Welsh Choral Union Scholar).
 Accompanied by the COMPOSER.
 Concerto in D minor, No. 9 (Adagio) *Spohr.*
 Violin, Mdlle. GABRIELLE VAILLANT.
 Song "Adelaide." *Beethoven.*
 Mr. HENRY GUV.
 Accompanied on the Pianoforte by Miss PAMPHILON.
 Concerto in a minor (First Movement) *Schumann.*
 Pianoforte, Miss KATIE STEEL.
 Trio "Soave sia il vento." (*Costi fan tutti.*) *Mozart.*
 Miss AMY AYLWARD, Miss M. J. WILLIAMS, and Mr. BOUTENOP.
 Rondo Piacevole in E, Op. 25 *W. Sterndale Bennett.*
 Pianoforte, Miss BORTON.
 Prize Symphony in E flat, MS. (First Movement). *A. H. Jackson*
 (Student).
 Song (MS.) "I will arise from Dreams of Thee." *Florence Marshall*
 (Student).
 Miss JESSIE JONES.
 Accompanied by the COMPOSER.
 Caprice in E, Op. 22 *W. Sterndale Bennett.*
 Pianoforte, Miss ALICE CURTIS (Potter Exhibitioner).
 Motett for Female Voices "Surrexit Pastor." *Mendelssohn.*
 Solos, Miss MARIE DUVAL, Miss THEKLA FISCHER.
 Miss ANNIE BUTTERWORTH, and Miss BOLINGBROKE.
 Pianoforte Obligato, Mr. WALTER FITTON.
 Aria "Di Tanti Palpiti" (*Tauredi*). *Rossini.*
 Miss BOLINGBROKE (Parepa-Rosa Scholar).
 Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1 *Mendelssohn.*
 Pianoforte, Miss AMY TURNER-BURNETT.
 Aria "Lascia Amor" (*Orlando*). *Handel.*
 Mr. WADMORE.
 Trio "Proteggiti il Giusto Cielo" (*Don Giovanni*). *Mozart.*
 Miss LARKCOM, Miss KATE BRAND, and Mr. BREEDEN.
 Concertstück Pianoforte, Mr. F. W. W. BAMPFYLDE. *Weber.*
 Chorus, with Solos "Heaven and Earth" (*Athalie*). *Mendelssohn.*
 Solos, Miss EDOUARD, Miss MARIE DUVAL, and Miss REIMAR.

To such a programme no exception could be taken, except on the ground that, in comparison with some of those of recent years, compositions by the students were but too sparingly represented. It will be noticed that a movement from a symphony, and a couple of songs, comprised the entire quota of students' compositions. All, however, were highly commendable, especially the movement from Mr. A. H. Jackson's symphony, to which, of four symphonies submitted to the examiners, the Lucas Silver Medal was awarded. Of the two songs, the preference is certainly due to that by Mr. Eaton Fanning. It has long been the boast of our national academy that it is the depository of a traditional style of pianoforte playing, emanating from J. B. Cramer, and handed down to us by Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, and others. Up to a certain point pianists could hardly be grounded in a better school. That the conservation of this school of playing is in the main still aimed at was again made very apparent by the style of execution of the students generally; but from Mr. Deas' choice of Grieg's concerto, and from the dashing manner in which Weber's Concertstück was executed by Mr. Bampfylde, one could not but come to the conclusion that some attempt has been made to engraft upon it a style of execution more in accordance with the warmer, more passionate, and more highly-developed school which obtains in the present day. Though but two students came forward as the representatives of organ and violin playing, reference to the number of those appearing in the ranks of the orchestra, and to the prize list, offered a sufficient proof that the study of these and other orchestral instruments is by no means neglected. In the vocal department both the solo and concerted performances testified to the attainment of the best results.

At the conclusion of the performance, Professor Macfarren, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's successor as principal of the Institution, addressed Her Royal Highness and the audience in a speech in which he succinctly traced the history of the Royal Academy from its modest beginning in 1823 to the present time; and, with justifiable pride and satisfaction, pointed to the importance and flourishing condition to which it has risen. In acknowledgment of the principal's expression of thanks to Her Royal Highness for her kindness and condescension in undertaking the distribution of the prizes, the Marquis of Lorne rose, and on behalf of Her Royal Highness and himself, expressed entire satisfaction with the performance of the students.

The following is the prize list:

Lucas Silver Medal.—In memory of CHARLES LUCAS, for the composition of the first movement of a symphony. (Student, Professor, Conductor, and Principal.)—Arthur Herbert Jackson.

Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal.—In memory of EUPHROSINE PAREPA-ROSA (endowed by CARL ROSA), for the singing of pieces selected by the Committee.—John Lofting Wadmore.

Sterndale Bennett Prize.—(Purse of ten guineas), in memory of Sir WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT. For the playing of a composition by Sir W. STERNDALE BENNETT, selected by the Committee—Fanny Boxell. (Highly commended, Annie Jane Dooly.)

Certificates of Merit.—(The highest honour attainable at this examination, awarded only to students who have previously received silver medals.) Pianoforte: Amy Turner-Burnett, Eliza J. Hopkins, Annie J. Mart in, Walter Fitton. Singing: Henry Guy.

Silver Medals.—Singing: Mary Davies, Agnes Larkcom, Eugene Boutenop, John L. Wadmore. Pianoforte: Alice Curtis, Helen Pamphilon, Edith Brand, Margaret Bucknall, F. W. W. Bampfylde. Violin: Gabrielle Vaillant.

Bronze Medals.—Harmony: Oliveria L. Prescott, George Hooper. Singing: Anne E. Bolingbroke, Annie Butterworth, Marie Duval, Hannah Edouard, Marietta Phillips, Emma Reimar, Marian Williams, Mary Jane Williams, Moses Ap Herbert. Pianoforte: Katie Steel, Ethel Gould, Alice Borton, Annie Turner, Clara Cooper, Marion Green, Nancy Evans, Isabel Thurgood, Arthur H. Jackson, Frederick Corder, Edward Morton, Tobias Matthey, Lindsay Deas. Violin: Ada Brand. Clarinet: Frances Thomas. Organ: Henry K. Rose.

Books.—Harmony: Frances Thomas. Singing: Amy Aylward, Lita Farrer, Thekla Fischer, Catherine Shaboe, Robert George, Frederick Nichols. Organ: Mary Butterworth.

Highly Commended.—Singing: Jessie Jones, Rhoda Barkley, Alice Arnold. Pianoforte: Mary Boole, Janie Burroughs, Clara Daniel, Ellen Edridge, Helen Hancock, Ellen Holmes, Johanna Ludovici, Lavinia Sheehan, Julia Chute, Maria Combs, Fanny Boxell, Annie J. Dooly, Constance Harper, Emily Banks, Annie Smith, Annie Frost, George Hooper, Frank Manly, George Ryle, George Elliott, Thomas Silver. Organ: Margaret Bucknall, Henrietta Jones, Annie Smith, Walmsley Little, George Ryle, Arthur Shaw. Pianoforte and Organ: Charlton T. Speer. Violin: George Ryle.

Commended.—Singing: Amelia Featherby, Sarah Geary, Elise Lassouquere, Marie Pascoe-Pearce, Hannah Roby. Pianoforte: Alice Chapman, Ella Sauvan, Kate Lyons, Margaret Morgan, Mary Hann, Florence Silberberg, George Smith. Violin: Ada Lampard. Organ: Augustus Tozer. Harp: Taliesan James.

Prize Violin Bow.—(Made and presented to the Institution by Mr. JAMES TUBBS, of Wardour-street).—Reginald Luke.

Potter Exhibition.—Alice Curtis.

Westmorland Scholarship.—Agnes Larkcom.

Sterndale Bennett Scholarship.—Charlton T. Speer.

Welsh Choral Union Scholarship.—Mary Davies.

Parepa-Rosa Scholarship.—Annie E. Butterworth.

Musical Notes.

A FREE scholarship for a female pianist, between the ages of 14 and 21, tenable for two years, has been generously founded by Lady Goldsmid in the Royal Academy of Music. It will be competed for at Easter. The committee of the "Goss Testimonial," we are also informed, has resolved to devote a portion of the fund raised to placing a student of the College of Organists in the Royal Academy. Students holding the "Sir John Goss Exhibition," which is tenable for three years, must make the organ their chief instrument of study.

THE orchestra assembled at Baireuth during the first fortnight of last month, for the preliminary rehearsals of Wagner's tetralogy, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, was thus constituted:—3 flutes, 2 piccolos, 1 English horn, 3 clarinets, 1 bass-clarinet, 3 bassoons, 1 contrabassoon, 8 horns, 4 tubas of a new and peculiar construction, 16 first and 16 second violins, 12 violas, 12 violoncellos, 8 double-basses, 6 harps, 2 pair of drums, side drum, cymbals, triangle, and bells (Glockenspiel). Herr Hans Richter conducted, and Herr Wilhelm led.

AT the late General Meeting of the Philharmonic Society, held on the 19th July, the following gentlemen were elected *Directors* for the ensuing season:—Mr. G. F. Anderson, Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. Charles Stephens, Mr. G. A. Osborne, Mr. J. Turle, and Mr. Harold Thomas.

WE hear that M. St. Saëns, of Paris, is at present engaged on the composition of a concerto for organ and orchestra. The work is destined for Mr. Frederic Archer, who will doubtless produce it at the Winter Classical Concerts at the Alexandra Palace. This is a graceful international compliment to a brother artist worthy of note.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. (Birmingham).—The review was short, but certainly not hasty. Our opinion was formed after more than one careful perusal of the work. The demand upon our columns is great, and it must by no means be understood that the brevity of some of the notices is at all commensurate with the amount of time and thought bestowed upon the various works by our reviewers.—ED. M. M. R.